

"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on." -
Robert Frost

There have been many instances where this quote has definitely been applicable in my life. Feeling as though the whole world was crashing down on me, depressed over a certain obstacle that I, try as I might, could never seem to overcome; or on a more frequent note - having essay assignments practically ruining my otherwise carefree mood for the day. But I believe that no matter how difficult the situation is, there will always be a better tomorrow.

Since young, my parents would give me occasional yet hard-hitting talks about how I should never brood on impending setbacks or getting far in life will become a faraway dream. Their words have been etched into my mind ever since, but I never actually had the chance to experience major challenges in my life first-hand. So, a recent turn of events allowed me to realise for myself that although most things in life usually fall into place as nicely as you want them to, there will always be occurrences where a particular situation happens, completely uncalled for, and you have to try your best not to lose your mind over it - all you can do is to push yourself forward.

This situation occurred sometime last year. I had always been an average student, scraping As and getting the occasional B. From the start of Secondary 2, however, laziness and procrastination caught on and the mindset that "studying wasn't everything" started to grow on me. I felt that I should enjoy life while I could, otherwise I would live to regret when I became old, successful but unhappy. Never did I think that I was taking "enjoying life" to too large an extent. By the end of the semester, I had failed a few quizzes, assignments and my block test results were mediocre. Continuing to slack around, I thought, "Sure, I've flunked a quiz or two, but my overall MSG is probably still around average... Right?"

Wrong. My carefree mood took a hundred and eighty degree plunge for the worst when my form teacher handed the navy hard-covered report books out for the first semester. I was completely horrified to find out that my results

were the poorest I had gotten in years. This made me extremely frustrated with myself, and I harped over how I should have pulled my act together way earlier. I regretted my actions, yet felt too sore to do anything to correct them. Eventually, by the third week of the holidays, I realised that remaining like that was never going to take me anywhere - as a matter of fact, my undone homework and non-existent revision were screaming eminent failure. I then moved on. Revised the topics I was weak in, did all my homework, and even started early reading on the topics we were about to cover in the second semester. By the end of the year, my grades improved significantly.

If I had brooded on my mistake the whole holiday, I would never have progressed. In fact, my end-of-year results might have suffered yet another downfall. The most prominent takeaway I thus received from this experience is that when facing a negative scenario, accepting it in your stride and moving forward is all that can and should be done. As what Dory from Finding Nemo sings: "Just keep swimming, swimming, swimming." When you face a rough current, staying stagnant spells disaster. Keep swimming and you will never drown.

Life goes on - this I believe.